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THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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The

Cresset

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IN THE MARCH CRESSET - - -

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In Luce Tua

Comment on the Significant News by the Editors

Trouble in Panama

Reaction to our difficulties with Panama has tended to divide along two lines. On the one hand there are those who see Panama as the victim of sixty years of abuses and injustices at the hands of the United States. On the other hand there are those who suspect that Panama's real interest is not so much in getting us to respect her sovereignty as it is in getting us to up the annual payments which we make for the "rent" of the Panama Canal and the Canal Zone.

Countries, like individuals, usually act from a mixture of motives. Undoubtedly Panama, essentially a poor country, would like to get every dollar it can get out of the rich Yanqui. But it is not hard to believe that Panama's touchiness about the issue of sovereignty is real and we owe it to Panama to at least take another look at the set-up in the Canal Zone. The incident which precipitated the recent crisis is itself reason enough to take Panama's complaints seriously, and reaction in other parts of Latin America makes it clear that the whole hemisphere is interested in how we handle the situation.

What Panama is asking of us seems, on the face of it, reasonable enough. Our treaty of 1904 empowers the United States to act, "in perpetuity," "as if it were sovereign" within the Canal Zone, "to the entire exclusion of the exercise by the Republic of Panama of any such sovereign rights, power or authority." Panama objects to the "in perpetuity" provision and to what amounts to a denial of her sovereignty over the Canal Zone and wants us to sit down and discuss re-writing the treaty. Panama does not want us to pull out of the Zone.

The issue has been festering for a long time. In 1960, after it had erupted in riots, President Eisenhower ordered the Panamanian flag to be flown side by side with the American flag at the Canal Zone Building as visual evidence of the "titular" sovereignty of Panama. Last year this arrangement was broadened to provide for the display of the two flags side by side throughout the Zone — a move which angered some of the more Paleolithic Americans who are resident in the Zone. To placate them, Zone officials ordered that, effective in January, no flags would be flown in front of schools. A high school boy who disapproved of the order ran a flag up in front of his school and the fat was in the fire.

Our guess is that, before everything is finally settled, we will have yielded to most of Panama's demands, not only because they are reasonably modest but also because we do not want to be cast in the role of a big, bad bully. As a matter of fact, we might even welcome the elimination of the "in perpetuity" provision; after all, the Canal is becoming obsolescent.

Smoke Now, Pay Later

"Cigareets and whuskey and wild, wild women, They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane."

We are happy to report that the old song is wrong. After exhaustive studies, the Federal advisory committee to the Public Health Service has published a report which does not even hint at a causal relationship between smoking and insanity. According to the report, "cigarette smoking is associated with a 70 per cent increase in the age-specific death rates of males," "is causally related to lung cancer in men," "is the most important of the causes of chronic bronchitis . . . and increases the risk of dying from chronic bronchitis and emphysema." The committee also finds that "male cigarette smokers have a higher death rate from coronary artery disease than nonsmoking males." But not a word about insanity.

Whether a cigarette smoker should try to knock the habit is therefore, we think, a matter for him to decide after he has weighed the pros and cons. Cancer of the lung, if diagnosed early, is curable — a relatively simple matter of opening the rib cage and removing the affected lung. Chronic bronchitis and emphysema are not quite so simply cured, but once one has learned not to be

alarmed by blood in the sputum he can live with these conditions for the relatively short time he will have to live with them. And, as the committee itself admits, "the causative role of cigarette smoking in deaths from coronary disease is not proven"; there may be some other reason why so many of them die in early middle age.

Curiously — was it an oversight or, perhaps, something more than that? — the committee said nothing about what we understand to be an established fact, that the death-rate among cigarette smokers from arteriosclerosis and oher ailments attendant upon old age is significantly lower than among non-smokers. Nor did the committee comment at any great length on any of the positive contributions to health and well-being which the cigarette manufacturers have urged in their advertising — satisfaction, the freshening of the taste, deep-down flavor, fun.

Obviously there is more work to be done, more questions to be asked. Item: given our already high divorce rate, can we afford to burden the fragile structure of family life with husbands and wives who are irritably engaged in cigarette-withdrawal projects? Item: given the apparently inadequate salaries of persons engaged in the sports and entertainment industries, do we want to deprive their families of the supplementary income hitherto derived from endorsing cigarettes? Item: has any thought been given to the effects of this report on the tattooing business?

In other words, the medical report is not the whole story. The Public Health Service has put the whole machinery of the Federal government at the disposal of the medical man for the publication of what amounts to a scathing attack upon the cigarette industry. Fairness would seem to dictate that it give equal time to the Marlboro man.

Luck Or Grace?

One night in the autumn of 1920 His Excellency Paul Eugene Louis Deschanel, President of the French Republic, was found wandering confused and nearly nude on a railroad track. President Deschanel had been elected earlier in the year because he was believed to be "safer" than the mercurial Georges Clemenceau. Now he was insane.

To date, no American President has gone mad, in or out of office. President Garfield and President Wilson were, however, so severely incapacitated for extended periods of time that they were unable to perform the routine duties of their office. President Franklin D. Roosevelt suffered a stroke which, had it not killed him, could have left him mentally and physically incompetent at a crucial point in World War II. Depending on how one looks at it, we have as a nation been pushing our luck or making excessive demands on the grace of God by not providing for situations in which the President becomes incapable of doing his job or, more important, of delegating his powers to the Vice-President.

It is not easy to devise a satisfactory procedure for determining presidential disability. Whatever procedure might be suggested would have to have built into it foolproof safeguards against a President being deprived of his office by some form of collusion. It would obviously have to provide for some kind of medical opinion, but the decision to relieve a President of his office just as obviously can not be made by a panel of medical doctors. It would have to settle the question of whether an incapacitated President could resume office once the incapacity had ceased to exist and, if so, how. Under the present order of succession, and with the Vice-Presidency vacant, there would be the problem of what happens to a Speaker of the House who resigns to become Acting President and, perhaps a month later, finds that there is no longer any need of an Acting President.

We suggest, for whatever it may worth, a constitutional amendment along the following lines:

"In the event there should be reasonable grounds to suspect that the President is physically or mentally incapable of performing the duties of his office and that this incapacity is likely to persist for more than thirty days, the Congress shall, by joint resolution, appoint a panel of five licensed doctors of medicine, one of whom shall be the President's personal physician, who shall immediately examine the President and report their findings to the Congress.

"If, in the unanimous opinion of this panel, the President is incapacitated and is likely to remain so for more than thirty days, the Congress shall, by joint resolution of the two Houses, declare the Presidency vacant.

"If the panel should find, but by less than unanimous vote, that the President is incapacitated and likely to remain so for more than thirty days, the Congress may, by two-thirds vote of each House, declare the Presidency vacant.

"If the panel should find that the President is incapacitated, but that the incapacity is not likely to persist for more than thirty days, the Congress shall, by joint resolution, delegate the powers of the President to the Vice-President or, if there be no Vice-President, to the person next in line of succession; and this person shall serve as Acting President during such time, not to exceed thirty days, as the President is incapacitated.

"An acting President shall not be required to resign any other office to which he may have been elected."

The Commission Reports

The 1962 convention of The Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod created a Commission on Theology and

Church Relations and gave it a number of assignments, among them "to address itself to issues raised by Dr. [Martin H.] Scharlemann in his essays." (Why it was considered necessary to create a Commission to address itself to the kinds of questions which, for more than a century, had been dealt with capably and responsibly by the called theologians of the Synod's two seminaries we did not then and do not now understand.) This Commission has now issued its first report, in the form of a study document on revelation, inspiration, and inerrancy (of the Scriptures).

The first thing that has to be said about this document is something which will seem unimportant only to those who have never hacked their way phrase by phrase through the tangled jungle of the typical theological statement: it is eminently readable. It speaks with soberness, with restraint, with objectivity, with clarity, and with grace. In its tone it is what the Synod asked for, "a brotherly effort in the interest of divine truth."

The second thing that has to be said about this document is that it does not do what documents of this sort so often do, i.e., proceed through many pages of ostensibly objective re-examination of traditional views to the conclusion that, of course, these views were 100 per cent right all along. Not surprisingly, the Commission finds itself unable to buy all of Dr. Scharlemann's views. But neither does it merely re-assert the traditional views. It finds that the traditional definition of revelation "does not do justice to the revelatory character of the acts of God"; that there is a "certain tendency toward the intellectual and the impersonal in [its] formulations" on inspiration; and that the Synod's formal pronouncements on inerrancy do not take sufficiently into account the "rich variety in the content and mode of utterance of the Scriptures."

But there is yet a third thing that has to be said about this otherwise excellent document: despite its many citations from the Scriptures, it does not come to grips with the fundamental question, "What authority does the Bible claim for itself?" That "God's Word is not false nor does it lie" has never been at issue among us. But does the Bible itself claim to speak factually on all "historical, geographical, and other secular matters"? (*A Brief Statement* asserts that the Scriptures are "the infallible truth" in these matters; are we to understand from this that the Scriptures teach as a *fact* that bats are vertebrates which possess feathers and lay eggs, as Deuteronomy 14, 11-18 clearly indicates?) Does the Bible itself claim that its every word is God-breathed or does it, by its own admission, contain material which "I say, not the Lord"? (*vide* I Corinthians 7:12)

Happily, the Commission itself recognizes that the best it was able to do in fulfillment of its assignment was to produce a document which would "indicate the limits within which and the lines along which our common study of these issues should move and so give stimulus and direction to a concerted investigation of the problems on the part of all members of our Synod." This is, in itself, a tremendous service. Its next step will be, in cooperation with the School of Graduate Studies of the St. Louis seminary, "to authorize a team of two or three competent and recognized scholars of the Synod to take up and investigate the problems raised and to present their findings to the church in compendious form." This means turning theological questions back to the theologians, where they belonged all along.

Let us rise for the Te Deum.

The Unseen Enemy

The clearest evidence that President Johnson is serious about his all-out war on poverty is his appointment of Mr. R. Sargent Shriver to head up the campaign. Mr. Shriver has established himself as one of the nation's ablest public servants, and the prestige which he has won as head of the Peace Corps is in itself assurance that he will not be satisfied merely to carry a title; he will get things done.

Mr. Shriver will undoubtedly be getting a great deal of advice, much of it unsolicited, on how to do the job. We claim no expertise in this area, but we would suggest, for whatever it is worth, that the first job that has to be done is a job of information. Somehow the fact of poverty has to be driven home to that 70 or 80 per cent of our people who are not poor and honestly do not know that 20 to 30 per cent of our people are poor.

It is not that the majority of us are callous or indifferent to poverty. The problem is that we simply do not see it. The low-cost housing project has built a neat brick facade around it. The expressway cuts straight through it. The airplane flies thousands of feet above it. Television and the press largely ignore it — again not intentionally but simply because the kinds of people who man the mass media, particularly on the editorial level, have little occasion to see it.

We remember being shown around the South Side of Chicago several years ago by the pastor of a Negro congregation. He had promised to show us some of the worst slums in the area, and as we rode around we began to wonder when we would get into these slums. Finally, we asked him and he said, "You're in them right now. In that house over there, there are eight families. A couple of weeks ago a baby was bitten by a rat." This was one of those cases of concealed poverty. The limestone veneer of the house kept it looking like a respectable two-flat. One had to get inside to see the festering poverty of the people who lived there.

We are convinced that if our people once saw clearly what lies behind the respectable facade they would demand action to remedy it, and would be willing to put up the money needed to do it. Poverty can be abolished;

it has been in most of Scandinavia and in Switzerland, in countries which are much less wealthy than we are. It can be abolished without "soaking the rich," except perhaps those who have made their money as rent-gougers in slum neighborhoods. It can be abolished whenever we, as a people, begin to recognize that this threat from within is as dangerous as any of the enemies that threaten us from without.

Bravo, Homo Sapiens!

From time to time the editor of a critical magazine has to remind himself that criticism is "the art of judging with knowledge and propriety the beauties and faults" of whatever he has been assigned to evaluate. The editor of a review which is concerned with, among other things, public affairs is never at a loss for faults to judge with whatever knowledge he has and whatever propriety he may be able to muster. We live in a patently imperfect world, and any edition of a morning newspaper can supply the critic with themes for a dozen jeremiads. It is much less easy to get worked up about the good and praiseworthy things that men do — perhaps because the accomplishments of other men are much less flattering to the critic than their delinquencies and failures. We would like this month to redress whatever imbalance there may have been in our comments over the past few months by taking note of a few of the many good things that men have done in recent weeks.

1. *The Moon Shot.* Despite the fact that something went wrong with the television cameras which were supposed to have given us our first close-up look at the moon's surface, the shot itself was an astonishing feat. And what we found most astonishing of all was the ability of our scientists and engineers to correct the vehicle's course in flight. To them, it was probably all in the routine of the day's work. To us, who have never yet quite figured out why the lights go on when we flip the switch, it was something like a miracle.

2. *The Winter Olympics.* The Walter Mitty in us has always had a special fondness for skiers, heavyweight boxers, football players, cops, newspaper reporters of the old "City Desk" school, and politicians. Our personal Walter was at Innsbruck these past few weeks, his tall, lean body poised for the jump, his weatherbeaten face hardened against the resistant wind. We have always suspected that if we could find time for a regime of diet and exercise we might give these golden lads and lasses a run for their money. Bound by economic and other exigencies to a desk, we have been at Innsbruck with them in spirit.

3. *Justice Swift and Sure.* When John Goldmark ran for a fourth term in the Washington state legislature, he and his wife (an admitted former Communist) came under sustained and withering fire from a newspaper, a free-lance Red-hunter, and a couple of John Birchers. Goldmark's membership in the Civil Liberties Union was urged as evidence of his pro-Communist proclivities and attempts were made to show that his marriage to Mrs. Goldmark had itself been dictated by the Communist party. Following his defeat in the primary, Goldmark and his wife sued the newspaper, the Red-hunter, and the Birchers for libel, alleging that their vilifications had exceeded the limits of permissible criticism of public officials and candidates. A jury agreed and awarded the Goldmarks $40,000 in damages.

4. *MacArthur's Memoirs.* Next to an old saint whose back is bent from cross-bearing, the noblest work of God is an old patriot whose body bears the scars of his country's battles. In the days when we were soldiering under him, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur was too remote and austere a figure to command a great deal of affection among his troops, but we respected him as one of history's military geniuses. From the perspective of the years, his strategy of war in the southwest Pacific entitles him to rank alongside Alexander and Marlborough and Napoleon. His memoirs, published in recent editions of LIFE magazine, should be required reading for young people who are tired of phony heroes. If they do nothing else, they establish the point that the most satisfying temporal reward that life has to offer is not happiness but the knowledge that one has done his duty.

Happy Birthday, CTC

Ever since its founding, this magazine has had a number of close ties to Concordia Teachers College, River Forest, Illinois. We therefore have special reasons to wish CTC a happy birthday in this its centennial year and to hope that it will keep up the good work that it has been doing through the next century.

Concordia has had an exceptionally difficult assignment from the church. It is expected to begin where the best secular teachers' colleges leave off, with the preparation of competent elementary school teachers. Beyond this assignment, in itself enough to justify any college's existence, it has been asked to equip its graduates with a mature theology and with the necessary tools for a high order of churchmanship — and all within the context of a calling which will not be highly remunerative either in terms of salary or of prestige. The kind of Lutheran school teacher that so many of us gratefully remember and still admire is evidence enough that the college has done a good job of fulfilling its assignment.

Congratulations, therefore, to the college — and especially to President Koehneke, to our long-time editorial colleague, Professor Kuehnert; and to Dr. Gross and his associates on *Lutheran Education*.

AD LIB.

Far Above Nishinomiya

By ALFRED R. LOOMAN

Normally we are inclined to think that the people most unlike us are the Japanese. But if I read the *Kwansei Gakuin Times* correctly, there are many more similarities than differences between Japanese and American universities and their students. The *Kwansei Gakuin Times*, to which I have referred in this space before, is published by the English Speaking Society at Kwansei Gakuin University in Nishinomiya, Japan.

Getting into college, particularly if it is a good one, is as difficult in Japan as it is here. This year, 3965 students, of whom 604 were women, were admitted to KGU, but this is only 17% of the 23,054 who took the entrance examinations. Following the U.S. pattern, the largest number chose business as their major, and, in liberal arts, the women outnumber the men.

The KG campus must resemble a campus in California, because the buildings are constructed in classical Spanish style. The *Times* seldom prints a picture of a building, but it has shown one of the Administration building, which is topped with the traditional clock tower and may, for all I know, be called "Old Main."

One would suppose that the words of the Alma Mater song from a Japanese university would be quite different from those one hears in the U.S., but this is not the case. The KG Alma Mater could be used on almost any American campus:

> That we may both receive and give,
> May live to learn and learn to live,
> Kwansei, we throng, —
> To you we throng, nor first nor last,
> Rejoicing in your fruitful past,
> Through seasons clear or overcast
> Still true and strong.

A problem familiar to many schools is facing KGU. Just behind the campus rises Mt. Kabuto, whose slopes have been a favorite student haunt for years, since the mountain has been left relatively untouched. Now Mr. Seijiro Ueda, an entrepreneur from a nearby city, wants to buy the mountain and put up a housing development and an amusement park which would change the peaceful campus atmosphere that now prevails. Characteristically, the school has called on some of its more influential alumni to fight this possible encroachment.

In a recent survey, some KG professors were asked what they thought of their students. Their answers could have been given by any U.S. prof, for the complaints were that the students "lacked diligence and seriousness," they pretend to be learned with knowledge from digests rather than learning the original texts, and they don't spend enough time in study.

Students were not asked what they thought of their professors, but in an interview with a professor's wife regarding her husband the reporter slipped in a quote that may be indicative. The wife is quoted as saying, "Since he is a man of oppression and prudence, he is always uneasy." Incidentally, the favorite TV programs of this professor are "Ben Casey" and "Preston the Lawyer."

The counseling service at KGU resembles that at any U.S. college, but the students may take their problems more seriously for there were three suicides among the students last year and three two years before. Most of the problems, according to the head of counseling, are related directly to student life, but problems pertaining to family, relations with the opposite sex, and faith run a close second. "Generally speaking," says the head counselor, "it is difficult to handle love problems."

And how are sports at KGU? The sports' editor comes up with the refrain often heard on campuses in the U.S.: "It is regrettable to report, but we met with bad results this year, contrary to our expectations." Even what is wrong is familiar. Again according to the editor, the string of losses in major sports can be blamed on the stricter entrance requirements which keep out good athletes, the lure of better known schools, such as Tokyo U. which attract some of the best prospects, inadequate facilities, and insufficient financial support and subsidy from the school and alumni.

One gathers from reading the KG *Times* that Japanese alumni are not unlike some of those in the U.S. When Mr. Minoru Iwata, who graduated in the 16th year of Showa (1941) and is now head of advertising of a large industrial firm, was asked about the present state of campus affairs, he complained about the teams and the lack of school spirit, neither of which is as good now as when he was in school. Then, speaking as an employer, he gripes because today's graduates can't write; their Japanese is incorrect, their Chinese characters inaccurate, and their sentence structure is weak.

Not so inscrutable these Japanese.

Ruth Suckow's *The Folks*: Universality In Iowa

By Abigail Ann Hamblen

Ruth Suckow (1892-1960), the Iowa-born writer who attracted the attention of John T. Frederick and H. L. Mencken, has, during the past several decades, been almost forgotten. Histories of American fiction often give her no more than a line or two, if that, and serious critics are hardly aware of her. An exception is Leo Gurko who, in his discussion of the thirties, *The Angry Decade* (Dodd, Mead, 1947) devotes almost a page to *The Folks*, which he calls one of the three novels of 1934 to "leave a small but distinctive impress upon the times." Though he speaks of it as a "quiet, rather dull book," he approves of it for its "uneventful realism and scrupulous insistence on avoiding any sort of melodrama, or generating any kind of false suspense." It occupies, he says, "in a small way, in the fiction of the '30's, a place analogous to that held by *Middletown in Transition* in the sociological annals of the same time." But following this faint praise, as will be noted later, Mr. Gurko's over-all interpretation, insomuch as he develops one, may be found to be less than adequate at best; at worst it is positively erroneous.

That Miss Suckow's obscurity is undeserved may be recognized by any reader of perception, for her many short stories and novels, besides being meticulous in their craftmanship, constitute a record of a way of life. In one sense this way of life is parochial; it is that of the farms and small towns in the American Midwest. But in another, as we shall attempt to show, it is country-wide; so penetrating is her art that her work, set in a Mid-western frame of reference, transcends mere "regionalism." When she writes of a small town in Iowa and those who live there she is writing of all American small towns, and of all so-called "average" Americans. She is the artist of the middle class without the scorn of Sinclair Lewis, without the facile brightness of the slick magazines.

This is best illustrated in *The Folks* (Farrar and Rinehart, 1934), her longest, most ambitious novel, characteristically conceived and executed. The scene is Belmond, Iowa, a small, neighborly town. The characters are typical small-town men and women, with their typical problems relating to "getting ahead" and bringing up their children, and somehow evolving a philosophy of life in the process. In setting, personalities, emotions, it is indigenously American.

"Folks Art"

The title has a certain significance. In 1930 Miss Suckow published an article in the September *Scribner's Magazine* discussing "The Folk Idea in American Life." "Even Americans know, as an abstract idea, that the folk element in any national life is the root of its aesthetic traditions," she says, and goes on to explain that in the United States there is no true "folk" element because the people who founded the country were not primitives; they were men and women from many places living, for a short time, under comparatively primitive conditions. However, out of the particular manner of the country's growth certain customs, mores, habits — even art — evolved, forming a certain way of life. "In the term 'folks,' as in the name United States, the ideas of variety and plurality are inherent, bound firmly into a whole."

It is easy to recognize one obvious quality which gives significance to *The Folks:* the fact that it has grown naturally from the life it describes. It is truly "folks art." Few writers have Ruth Suckow's unhurried, sensitive eyes for minutiae, her grasp of the relationship between the environment and the people, her feeling for mores. No one who has ever lived in a small Iowa town can fail to recognized Belmond and its inhabitants.

Here are the scenes at a club meeting, a church social, a high school "pep rally," a home wedding. And here are the types that people all her novels and stories: farmers and their descendants, always drawn to the land; bankers and store-keepers who are pillars of the church; women slightly "different" whose roots lie in New England; Protestant clergymen endeavoring to conciliate members of their flock; women frustrated and inarticulate; boys and girls suffering the anguishes of adolescence.

Something of the atmosphere of the town is given at the beginning of the novel when Mr. Ferguson goes out of his house on a bright September morning and looks about contentedly. "A wagon went jolting down the street, he could hear the sound of an engine on the railroad tracks beyond the leafy trees, and somewhere the clop-clop-clop of horses." He takes pleasure in his large, grassy lawn, his trees, his comfortable house; he enjoys looking across the quiet street at the neat, well-kept-up homes of his neighbors.

Shown at the turn of the century, this is a small town set in the midst of rich farmlands, a town in which society is a closely-knit, arbitrary organization, built around two values: material prosperity and the church. There is more than a tincture of awe in the way in which people regard the Spencers, for instance — old J. T., who has retired from the bank, and his son who has taken his place. The Spencer house, "square and white, with the cupola and the arches above long shuttered windows," is the largest in town, as befits the home of the leading citizen who is also the wealthiest.

Linked with money is social eminence, and as the Fergusons prosper, they rise to that. When Mrs. Ferguson is admitted to membership in the Monday Club she feels she has arrived. Her hiring Mrs. Christianson to help in the kitchen when she entertains is the crowning symbol of her position: "All the leading matrons of Belmond, the ones who did the nicest entertaining — Mrs. Hoagland, Mrs. Bird — had Mrs. Christianson to help them. A feeling of richness and festivity seemed to come into the house with her."

The Fergusons have come up in the world, are established. Now they are a little above, but not really separated from, the group of those for whom the church is the center of existence. The spinster Essie Bartlett is an example of these. For her, living alone with an invalid mother, the church with all its affairs is literally the pivot upon which her life turns. At the end, when the dwindling membership by vote unites with another denomination, Essie seems struck down. Old and ill, worrying over her senile mother, she tells Mr. Ferguson, "'I don't care for myself, I have nothing to live for now that the church is gone . . .'"

In contrast is the feeling of Margaret Ferguson who as a little girl suffers embarrassment because her Sunday School is smaller than those of the other girls in her class at school, the Methodist and Congregational. Secretly her mother sympathizes, so that when their church is finally joined with the Congregational, Mrs. Ferguson cannot keep from sensing a deep, exultant relief that there is no longer any barrier between her and the very nicest ladies in Belmond: she need no longer pretend she really belonged with the Presbyterians.

Lacking satire and morbidity in its portrayal of small-town values and small-town lives, *The Folks* is no *Main Street* or *Winesburg, Ohio*, and yet it shares certain elements with both. Carol Kennicott might find much to reform in Belmond; one wonders what she would have thought of the ladies of the Monday Club and their "favorite quotations." How would Sherwood Anderson have presented Dr. Redmond, for instance, with his prematurely white hair and his shadowed eyes hinting of something burning inside, of something in the past that has left its mark? And how would either Lewis or Anderson have treated the Rotarian picnic?

A Collection of Histories

But this novel is not the chronicle of a town: it is a collection of intimate, individual histories. In places it aches with passion, and always it takes notice of the small, terrible frustrations invisible to the naked eye. The case of Carl, the older Ferguson son, is a good example. From his babyhood he is the victim of a serious emotional conflict known only to himself. As a toddler he follows his parents about saying anxiously, "Carl a good boy, Carl a good boy," and later he develops into a young boy craving the feeling of being "good," of living in the warm certainity of his elders' approval. He often basks in this approval: he is a favorite with all his teachers as he goes through school, and in his senior year at high school he is a football hero. He is a favorite, too, with the faithful church people like Miss Essie Bartlett; he is the "leader," the "one shining light of the Young People." This eager desire for "being good" and for resting in the old simplicities goes with him all his life, but there are times he is tempted and comes near to breaking away from the comfortable certainties epitomized in the familiar church services and in the admiring glow of approbation at family dinners.

For no matter how desperately Carl wants to be the "good son," the solid, successful older brother looked up to by the people of his home town, he has impulses straining in quite another direction. With relentless detail Ruth Suckow chronicles three great crises in Carl's life, all having to do with the clash between the desire for the approved, the "safe," and the desire for the great unknown world outside.

In each of these crises the restraining force is Lillian, the girl with whom he grows up, and whom he marries. Almost pathologically repressed because of a childhood spent under the fierce eyes of an autocratic, Calvinistic grandfather, she can neither join in the social life of a lenient society nor respond sexually to Carl's vitality. Inarticulate, inert, and suffering, she symbolizes one side of his nature. "Part of him was buried in his marriage, as part of him was buried in the atmosphere of his childhood." It is the side that wins each time.

His mother, Annie, is shown going through the more or less typical experience of the devoted wife and mother who finds, when her family is grown and gone, that she has little knowledge of herself. Where *is* her Self, she wonders, panicky. She has been too long accustomed to concealing her own wishes in the interests of others, in smoothing over difficulties with small, brave lies.[1]

Yet is a woman's need to give, to give life away. It is the only way in which she can be fulfilled. Margaret Ferguson's long, bitter story simply says this over again. The outlines of her life are very different from those of her mother's; her emotions are more intense, more clearly recognized.[2] Yet much of her feeling is what Ruth Suckow has shown elsewhere to be typically feminine.[3] Importantly, a terrible sexual hunger runs through Margaret's dreams of self-realization: "Until a man whom she could love had recognized and confirmed its special kind of beauty, her body would have to stay thin and cold in its alien sheath of self-distrust—and her whole self stay tight and unripened within her body."

Annie, having given herself, is defeated and bewildered in the end. Margaret, giving herself, is finally defeated, too, but not bewildered. She recognizes only too clearly the rewards of her sacrifice, and her recognition

makes her different from her mother, her suffering keener.

Life as Change

In addition to being significantly an outgrowth of the life it describes, *The Folks* touches on the universal by treating the inexorable fact of change. Life is never static, it says over and over again; life, to *be* life, must shift continuously. Here Ruth Suckow joins with other twentieth-century American writers who seem to sense, somewhat sadly, the transitoriness not only of individual lives, but of all man's achievements.

For some people it was World War I that in some bewildering way abolished the comfort of the old blind beliefs in a bright permanence. F. Scott Fitzgerald describes the merry-making of the false armistice. Here are glittering "the faces of peoples whose glory had long since passed away, whose very civilizations were dead — men whose ancestors had heard the news of victory in Babylon, Nineveh, in Bagdad, in Tyre a hundred generations before . . ." And Thomas Wolfe's Eugene Gant feels "the devastating impermanence of the nation"; the only thing to endure is the earth, "the gigantic American earth, bearing upon its awful breast a world of flimsy rockets." Looking from a hill down at his home town he sees it as a "little huddle of wood and mortar which the wilderness must one day repossess, devour, cover over." So Annie Ferguson on a trip to California sees "the chain of bright new cities . . . become unreal in the fog from the sea." She knows "the land beneath them" to be "old . . . cruel, and strange — old, older than the Old World their ancestors had left behind before the time of man."

In addition the novel shows many changes in individual lives. Fred Ferguson himself changes as he moves from his rural beginnings into the life of a small town banker. This is not a simple matter for him, and he is uneasily aware that his parents and his sister, still country people, resent his getting "above" them:

> "'Yes, the folks are used to things plain.'
>
> "Well, I guess they won't find them to fancy here!' Mr. Ferguson said, nettled. "I don't know that we've ever been so fancy.'
>
> "Ella (his sister) would not say. But she gave a glance at the sugar tongs and the lump sugar in the flowered bowl."

But as the years go by, Fred becomes more and more acclimated to town life; he loses some of his over-cautious frugality which has always disturbed his wife. Some of the new ideas of the twenties and thirties begin to bother him a little. His younger son, with great enthusiasm for collectivism and for Russia's five-year plan, has strange notions: "maybe the boy wasn't so far wrong . . . maybe land so good oughtn't to belong to any one man, particularly if the man wasn't going to live there . . . ." This is heresy he would never confess; and yet thirty years before even its possibility would not have come into his mind.

The fact of change is pointed up for him when he comes home from a vacation to find that the president of one bank has absconded with the funds and that the members of his small church have voted to merge their denominational identity with another. Clearly, he feels something is working to change the life he knows; he does not deal in abstractions, is not really aware of what forces are at work in the world, nor does he realize the extent to which his own thinking (already referred to) is caught up in them.

Fred's children, one by one, leave home and go into lives quite different from those lived by their parents in Belmond. Carl is perhaps nearest in his conformity but it is conformity shot through with agonized doubts and frustrations. Margaret flings off all restraint to experiment with life in a huge city. Dorothy's marriage takes her away from "the folks" and from their ideas of what a good business is, and a solid basis for living. Bun, the youngest, while in college marries a Russian immigrant peasant girl who matches his tenderness and eager receptiveness with earthy strength and singleness of pur- For all of the Fergusons the simple formula has ceased to be sufficient: a combination of the Republican party, the Presbyterian church, prohibition, and a "good home" no longer seems the answer to all troubling questions of existence.

As universality has been found in Ruth Suckow's portrayal of life shifting and changing, so it is found in her concept of the permanency that lies beneath all mutation. This can be seen in the characters of the Ferguson children as well as in that of their father. No matter how far they may go from their beginnings, certain fundamentals remain with them. They all hark back in moments of extremity to the big comfortable house with the green lawn and the shade trees, and to the rolling fields and the evergreen grove of the farm. Far away as they might be from Iowa and all it connotes they are not able to rid themselves of it. Surface characteristics, such as provinciality, may be gone, but the tough endurance of their farmer-progenitors and their subtle relationship with the land remain: "the smell of the hot rich earth overturned by the cultivator," the rows of young green corn, cause the stirring of "old feelings long buried."

Here is a feeling not confined to the American Midwest, nor, of course, to America: it may be found all over the world, variously expressed. (It may be matched in Turgenev's work, for instance, and in Psalms.) It is part of the human condition, and as such Ruth Suckow presents it.

Miss Suckow Re-evaluted

We have mentioned Mr. Gurko's discussion of the

novel, and here it may be of interest to see how his evaluation measures up to the facts. He asserts, for instance, that *The Folks* bears no relationship to social conditions, that the people in it live out their private dramas in a vacuum. Yet we have seen how Fred is uneasily aware of "forces" at work in the world. We have seen how he half unwilling feels the pull of Bun's radical ideas. The world, he feels, is changing, and his story shows the effect of various sorts of change.

Further, Mr. Gurko contends that the novel is untouched by any trace of Freud or Marx. This is obviously erroneous, for a student of Freud could undoubtedly find interesting things in Margaret's tortured hatred of her parents and all they represent, and in her illicit love for Bruce who, after all, is exactly the type of citizen to which they belong. As for a Marxian reference, there is Bun's Russian wife with her great scorn of the middle class, her fierce interest in collectivism, and her serene indifference to the rites of matrimony.

Mr. Gurko can certainly be found in error when he attempts to summarize the lives of the four Ferguson children. Though he is correct in speaking of the one who "marries the average home-town girl, and sinks into dull routine, though he keeps longing for better things" (obviously Carl), he is scarcely comprehensive in describing the one who rebels merely as going to New York and living "a free Bohemian life." This is a rather sketchy way of summing up the longing and passion of Margaret, and her suffering. And the statement that the other two are "undistinguished, marry mediocre persons, and settle down to contented mediocrity" is obviously careless. Dorothy's charming, lazy husband Jesse may be called a "mediocre" person, but her life full of anxiety over his irresponsibility, is not "contented" mediocrity. As for Bun's alien wife, even one who disagrees with her could scarcely call her "mediocre" with her sensitive feelings, great courage, and fierce political ideas.

By reason of her sensitive picture of a part of the American scene and her recognition of the quiet drama of ordinary people, Ruth Suckow deserves more respectful attention than she has received hitherto. That she has recorded here, clearly and with controlled emotion, a whole way of life, would be enough to merit it. But that she has done so carefully, with art, makes it almost imperative.

1. Compare this with statements made a hundred years before **The Folks** appeared, in Caroline H. Gilman's **Recollections of a New England Bride** (1834): "How clear is it that woman loses by petulance and recrimination. Her first study must be self-control almost to hypocrisy. A good wife must smile amid a thousand perplexities and clear her voice to tones of cheerfulness when her frame is dropping with disease or lest languish alone." Quoted in **All the Happy Endings** by Helen W. Papashivily (Harper, 1956, p. 43).
2. This intensity is curiously like that of Eugene Gant in **Look Homeward, Angel:** "Dull people filled him with terror: he was never so much frightened by tedium in his own life as in the lives of others . . . He was filled with terror and anger against them because they were able to live, to thrive, in this horrible depression that sickened him." Compare Margaret's reaction to the dull and mediocre: "She had a troubling vision of Ada's life, making her interest out of the events of the town from the outskirts, going with 'the girls' to the movies and afterwards gorging themselves on chocolate sundaes at the less popular drug store where they could hide the shame of their aging solitude . . . excited by their adoration of their favorite female stars and hiding their crushes on the male stars."
3. Miss Suckow's treatment of emotional problems that are essentially feminine deserves a study by itself. In **Cora, The Kramer Girls,** and numberless short stories she discusses the plight of being a woman.

Every church and every Christian belongs to Christ. Because we belong to him we are bound through him to the Church and the Christians in all places and all ages. Those who are united in each place are at the same time one with believers in all places. As members of the one Body they share both in each other's joys and sufferings. The Church as a universal followship means also that we are part of the people of God of all ages, and as such are one with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all their descendants in the faith until the end of the age. Work for unity in Christ is continually attacked by all evil forces which fear the light of truth and holiness and obscure our own vision also. We pray, with the praying Christ, that *all* may be one. To this end we must work while it is day.

THE CHURCH'S UNITY, WORLD COUNCIL OF CHURCHES, NEW DELHI, 1961

Der Stellvertreter

By Richard E. Koenig
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"The theatre," one of William Saroyan's characters says, "is the temple of democracy." If democracy is dependent on the free and forceful presentation of ideas, such as statement may not be as extravagant as it first appears. There is no institution which has greater power to incarnate ideas for public reaction and attention than the theatre. This power has appeared once again in Rolf Hochhuth's shattering drama, *Der Stellvertreter*. translated into English under the title of *The Representative* or *The Deputy*. Actually, *The Vicar* would have been the best translation since the play's title is a direct reference to the Pope, "the Vicar of Christ on earth." Perhaps the translators believed such a title might be lost on non-Roman Catholics, but it is a questionwhether *The Representative* conveys anything more than *The Vicar* would.

As *Time* magazine reported, "Everywhere, *Der Stellverteter* has caused a storm of comment and quarrel." The most recent example at this writing was the play's Paris reception where it incited a physical assault on the actors by members of the audience. What the New York reaction will be to the play's opening, scheduled for February, 1964, one can only surmise. In an age and in a country where it is considered primitive to place another man's religion or its representatives in a bad light, it is amazing that *Der Stellvertreter* is being produced in America at all. Without question the play is one of the most daring attacks on the papacy to appear in modern times.

If *Der Stellvertreter* was merely a crude attempt at anti-Catholic propaganda, one could dismiss it along with other examples of Knownothingism and turn to more serious things. But Hochhuth, a young (32) German playwright, supposedly a Lutheran, has put together an attack on the papacy, specifically Pius XII, which cannot be ignored and is bound to arouse strong passions. The play's thesis is simply stated. Pius XII, the Pope who ruled the Roman Catholic Church during World War II, is accused of failing publicly to condemn Hitler's extermination of the Jews as morally wrong. Hochhuth believes the Pope should have spoken out. Had he done so, the author is convinced, millions would have been saved from the gas chambers of Auschwitz.* The contrast between the Pope's predicates and his performance constitutes for Hochhuth "a Christian tragedy," the subtitle of the play.

Stated baldly, it might be difficult to appreciate the power with which the playwright has presented his thesis. In truth I am not certain that Hochhuth deserves all the credit for the play's "success." The printed German version of *Der Stellvertreter* runs for more than 200 pages with stage directions and calls for five acts, an impossibly long play for the modern theatre. As produced in West Berlin's Free People's Theatre, where it had its premiere during the summer of 1963, Hochhuth's work was reduced to six scenes separated by a short pause in the middle. The brilliant staging and direction which *Der Stellvertreter* enjoyed unquestionably contributed to its effectiveness, although it must be conceded that the six scenes were presented largely as Hochhuth wrote them. By reducing the play the producer was able to focus the action and avoid Hochhuth's tendency to excess which mars the printed version. Nevertheless, *Der Stellvertreter* moves one more because of its ideas than as a work of art. Its characters are acting out a documentary, depicting events which are much more important for us than the theatrical integrity or worth of the play.

As produced in West Berlin, the play begins with a young Jesuit priest, Riccardo Fontana, learning from an SS officer, Kurt Gerstein who is a Protestant, the terrible truth regarding the Nazis' "final solution" of the Jewish question. Gerstein persuades Riccardo that the Pope alone possesses the moral authority to halt the liquidation of the Jews. If the Pope were openly to condemn the Nazis, Gerstein argues, the world would listen and aroused public opinion would force Hitler to desist. Riccardo is convinced that the Pope will help and assures the SS officer of his support.

At the close of the scene between Gerstein and Riccardo, a Jew whom Gerstein is sheltering learns that his parents have been sent off to the gas chambers. Gerstein is arranging for the Jew's escape, but the Jew tells him, " . . . I want to escape in order to return, as an avenger, . . . No one will be able to say that we Jews allowed ourselves to be led like claves to the slaughterhouses. I will return — as a murderer, as a bomber pilot. Murder against murder, phosphorus against gas, fire for fire . . . I shall never forget the Germans, all Germans, for my parents, good Germans, were murdered here." It is one of the more arresting moments of the play.

Riccardo visits his father, Count Fontana, a layman high in Vatican circles, and persuades the Count to ac-

*Some Roman Catholic reviewers have insisted that Hochhuth's documentation is erroneous. This may or may not be true, but it misses the point that Pius XII did not, as a matter of fact, publicly condemn the Nazis.

cept his point of view. The Count is reluctant to do so at first, bringing up a number of arguments which set forth the play's defense of papal policy. The young Jesuit's position is subjected to further scrutiny by a Cardinal close to the papal throne who comes to congratulate Count Fontana on his appointment to some ecclesiastical honor. The Cardinal points out the threat which the Soviet Union poses to the Christian West. While Hitler is evil, he is nevertheless useful in the containment of Communism. His cause must not be too hastily jeopardized. And to speak out against the German dictator might be dangerous. Riccardo brushes all such considerations aside. He earlier had argued passionately that the suffering and defenselessness of the Fisherman who first carried the Keys was more fitting for the Pope than the role of the world's foremost political agent. "Once more, father, it comes down to this: the Vicar of Christ must return to martyrdom." He is of the same opinion at the end of the scene.

The Cardinal has occasion to argue with Gerstein himself in the fourth scene of the play. Gerstein pleads with the Cardinal to ask the Pope to speak. The Cardinal repeats some of his previous arguments "The entrance of Stalin into Berlin — yes, dear God, that is a price which Europe can not, dare not, pay." But the Cardinal is badly shaken to learn that deportation of the Jews is now taking place in the shadows of the Vatican, in the Holy City itself.

In the climactic scene of the play, Riccardo presents his plea to the Pope in person. He is accompanied by his father, Count Fontana. The Pope's detached attitude drives Riccardo to desperate words which shock those in attendance. The Count pleads for the Pope's forgiveness and understanding. "Forgiveness, Holiness, for my son. His zeal is despair. He was an eyewitness in Berlin when the Nazis there threw Jewish children onto the trucks . . ." The Pope replies: "Eyewitness! — Count, a diplomat must see many things and — be silent." The Pope then proceeds to demonstrate the manner and extent of the Vatican's assistance of the Jews. The Vatican is not standing idly by! After accusing the Allies of barbarism with their "primitive unconditional surrender" demands, the Pope dictates a message which purports to be an answer to Riccardo but which serves only to drive the young man to his final break with the Church. The priest pins the Nazi insignia for the Jews on his cassock and vows to go with the victims as an act of atonement.

In the final scene, Riccardo is in the Auschwitz death camp. Now his turn has come. A Nazi doctor discovers that he is no Jew but a priest and taunts him in the cruelest speech of the play. In a line that echoes Ingmar Bergman, the Doctor boasts of his many victims and says, "No sigh came from heaven, no sigh, in fifteen months, in the time I sent the tourists here on their ascension." The play ends with the sound of diesel engines forcing the gas into the chambers while a huge photo of the suffering Christ is superimposed on a final legend.

West Berliners did not applaud the play, and there were no curtain calls. The audience simply filed out, waiting to get outside before speaking. The effect seems to have been the same as that produced by *The Diary of Anne Frank* some years ago. Comparisons between the two plays, and one or two others which handle a similar theme, appeared in the public press.

In one sense *Der Stellvertreter* is a play for Germans alone. It belongs to a nation which is trying to assess and live with its terrible past. Set in this context, the play calls for Germans to face their guilt and thus purge it from their midst. But in his use of the Vatican's relations with Hitler, Hochhuth has introduced an element charged with such emotion that it is difficult for the viewer to remember anything else. Instead of reading *Der Stellvertreter* as a confrontation with national guilt, one can easily be dazzled by the figure of the Pope. Thus theatregoers have been driven to attack or defend Hochhuth's portrayal of Pius XII rather than to discuss the issues he raises. (Polite Roman Catholic students were on hand outside the theatre handing out pamphlets entitled "Why the Pope Did Not Protest.") *Time's* peculiar *ad hominem* review may be laid to this cause.

Hochhuth may have intended his play as a personal attack on the Pope. There are lines which support such an interpretation. When Count Fontana argues that the Pope is not a single individual but a corporate personality responsible for the spiritual welfare of a half billion people, Riccardo counters: "It is the person of *this* Pope, this Pius XII, which Hitler fears: the authority of Pacelli is greater in Germany than anywhere else. Perhaps there has been no Pope in centuries in Germany who received this call." But such an interpretation is meaningless for anyone else but Hochhuth.

Hochhuth has subtitled his play "a Christian tragedy." "A Christian tragedy" should first of all be read by Christians. *Der Stellvertreter* is another of those literary and artistic efforts which subject the Church to merciless inspection in our day. The question in *Der Stellvertreter* is the question of the Church's integrity, of its willingness to obey its Lord who cried, "He who does not take his cross and follow me is not worthy of me. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for my sake will find it." To what extent, *Der Stellvertreter* asks the Church and the individual Christian, are you willing to obey your Lord? Hochhuth depicts the Church as an institution which places its organization and its safety first, Christ and martyrdom second. Speaking to Riccardo, Gerstein says, "A Christian in these times can not survive if he is consistent. I do not mean the

Sunday Christian, one should beware of a diligent churchgoer — I am thinking of the Christian Kierkegaard meant: the spies of God — I am a spy in the SS. Spies, however are to be executed, that is clear to me." It is clear to a Gerstein. Is it clear to the Church?

The Christian viewing *Der Stellvertreter* will inevitably be led to reflect on the integrity of his own church body, his own congregation. Pope Pius XII, compromising with Hitler in order to save the Christian West, recalls many who let the issues of righteousness lapse for prudential, yes, sacred, reasons. The American Christian will be driven to ponder the Church's performance locally and nationally in the racial crisis. Hochhuth's Pius XII will not appear very different from many a denominational official and parish pastor trying to keep *his* organization intact ("We can do more good this way." in the face of palpable wrong.

Is the Church still capable of martyrdom in its witness to Christ? This is the question Hochhuth asks. Unfortunately his question will be overlooked by many who will fear a disturbance of ecumenical relations by the play or who have little sensitivity regarding the Church's performance on social issues. The latter will view *Der Stellvertreter* as a beating of dead horses. Whatever else others may do with the play, however, the Christian must view it humbly and penitently, for he knows that the Church, not Pius XII, the individual Christian, not the Pope, is *Der Stellvertreter Christi* in this world.

Four Poems By Raffaele Carrieri

Translated from the Italian by Charles Guenther

IL CHIODO

Pensiero fisso e chiodo,
chiodo e succhiello.
E tu che batti sodo
tu, amore, martello.

THE NAIL

A fixed thought is a nail,
a nail and a gimlet.
And you who strike hard, love,
you're a hammer.

LA NOSTRA ORA

Suonata e forse la nostra ora.
Fra le tarme le terra muore
fra le larme la terra nasce.
Suonata e forse la nostra ora.

OUR TIME

Our time is perhaps a sonata.
Is the earth born in tears
does the earth die among moths?
Our time is perhaps a sonata.

LA NUBE

Nube dai piedi di piuma,
invenzione dell'aria:
con lingua di biscia
tramontana ti consuma.

THE CLOUD

Feather-footed cloud,
invention of the wind:
with a snake's tongue
the north wind consumes you.

MARZO

Come la mano si apre marzo,
come la mano sul mandolino.
Si toglie amore il solino
e salta, saltella scalzo.

MARCH

March opens like a hand,
like a hand on a mandolin.
Love takes off her collar
and skips, jumps barefoot.

Grandmother's War

By Aleda Renken

It is interesting, sometimes, to draw a parallel between the men's part in wars and the women's. You read so much of the hardships and misery of men fighting in snow and mud, with insufficient food, and it's true, of course. But who writes histories of the privation and misery war brings to women? The hardships women experience, and their ability to cope with them, are too often glossed over. Perhaps that is because men do most of the writing and talking about war. For example, my father's father fought in the Civil War. Like most men of German descent in Missouri he fought for the North. He came from Germany as a tailor, but since there was little demand for that type of work then, he bought a small farm south of Jefferson City.

Then came secession and, like so many men, grandfather went to war. I remember the many tales he told of the horrors he went through. We would sit in the spotless kitchen and listen for hours to his stories. He was an excellent story teller, and probably many of the stories were true. At the time we had no doubt they were. Later, much later, I wondered sometimes why, if he had really accomplished all those heroic deeds, we never saw his name in the printed accounts of the war. My father never had much to say about that. My grandmother just sat and listened to grandfather's stories, never saying a word of some of the things *she* went through.

After grandfather died it took a long time to get grandmother to talk of much of anything. I think she had become so accustomed to grandfather doing the talking that she'd forgotten how.

Her little brick house was on my way home from school, and I got in the habit of stopping by for a little visit every afternoon. She would always have some lumps of sugar with drops of wine soaked in them, or cookies, or a few little chocolate drops (always a little stale) that she kept in a striped paper sack. How good those things tasted! I would toast my feet on the stove and she would sit in her rocker and after a while she would ask me a question or two about school and my lessons. Like most kids I loved to chatter and she seemed to like to listen. It became a close companionship.

One day when I came over she was dusting. She had a picture of grandfather in uniform in her hand, polishing the glass. I remembered all the stories he used to tell about himself, and suddenly I wondered: "Grandmother, what *did* you do while grandfather was in the war?"

For a minute grandmother stood silent. Then she put the picture down flat on the table, went to her rocking chair and sat, staring out the window. Suddenly she began to talk. She told *her* war story to no audience but to a little girl and with no thought of the almost superhuman part she played in it — she, and her three girls. It was a story that no one had ever mentioned to me before, not even father, who was born after grandfather came back from the war. In a flat, emotionless little voice she told me a tale so terrible that even as a child I felt the horror of it through the entire telling.

"When papa joined the army I was glad our children were girls; boys would have gone to war too. Amelia was the oldest, so pretty with shiny light hair, like gold. Alma was next and she was a funny one, always joking. Then there was the littlest, Clara. She could play hymns on the organ and sing, though she had never had anyone to teach her."

"We had to work hard on the farm with no men to do the heavy work. Amelia and I did the wood chopping. We had a few chickens at first. They were soon gone. Our two horses were in the war, too. We shot rabbits and grew a few vegetables but the winter was bad. Our cows died and something got our pigs: stolen or what, I don't know. We had no close neighbors. Fifteen miles was far away, with no horse to ride."

Grandmother paused, and I said nothing because somehow she had carried me far back and I was a little girl on a desolate farm.

Then she began talking again, more hurriedly as if she must get it said quickly.

"Alma got sick. Bad. First I did not know what it was, but when she got worse and worse I knew it was the cholera. I kept Amelia and Clara away from her at the end. They did the chores, but I did not have to tell them that she had died. I dug the hole in the ground; it was hard and dry but I did not stop. We had a trunk I brought my things in from Germany. I put her in it and Amelia helped carry it to the grave. We had a funeral: Clara sang and Amelia and I prayed . . . it was the best we could do. I think it was a Christian funeral.

"I watched the other two close and I saw that little Clara was starting the same way Alma had. Amelia knew it too. We said nothing to Clara. I tried to keep Amelia away but she would not stay. Clara's strength was not like Alma's. We prayed and prayed but Clara died just like Alma. I dug the hole in the orchard beside Alma's grave. It was just a little box for Clara, she was so small. Amelia tried to sing the hymn but couldn't so we just prayed."

By this time tears were streaming down my face.

Grandmother's little round wrinkled face was dry but her gnarled hands slowly twisted the white apron in her lap. I hoped this was the end of the story, because I felt I could not bear to hear any more. But I knew it wasn't: I didn't have any Aunt Amelia. The ticking of the big kitchen clock sounded thunderous in my ears as I waited. Then grandmother went on.

"I knew and Amelia knew when she got sick, but we would not say it to each other. She still pretended till she knew nothing more. Such a wasted little thing she was. She had to have a coffin too. I made one from two old dresser drawers and put the velvet organ cover over it. I could almost carry it to the third hole I dug. I couldn't sing a hymn and couldn't say a prayer, but I thought one and I guess it was heard.

"That's what happened while papa was at war and that's what I had to tell him when he got home from the fighting."

I wondered why grandfather never mentioned this tragedy. Later, I thought maybe he felt grandmother's war was so much worse than his that he couldn't talk about it, and that's why he talked so much about his own. I think it must be that way often, and that's one reason why we hear so much about men's wars, and so little about the women's. That, and because men do most of the writing.

TWO VOYAGES

when man discovers man, man discovers what
he is, that so seeing he sees something
of the self, something of what is hidden,
revealed gained. for we are forever
grieving what we are or what we are not;
forever seeing ourselves in others,
wishing ourselves as others, hoping
for a life that cannot be. yet it is not
so: for man discovers man. each day gives birth to us
again, each light reveals chance
forsaken, perhaps a vision lost,
love desired yet not taken.
yet in silence of each night man resurrects
sleep that he may dream; dream
to waken in days of light that we shall
not always lose in truth to life.

When a man defines anxiety as tidal sounds
on shores of his convoluted thinking, banked
up by flesh warmed on sands meeting hours
in him, when a man defines despair
he delineates a measure of himself: we are
our wrongs, as others live our wrongs;
we are despair as we measure others for
despair. But what a man is is also beyond
this darkness unshored in torn nights;
what a man is is also unmeasured by him
and others; what a man is is always almost
conflict, and when hope finds definition,
he dreams icons of love to carry him, anchored
to parables sky and sun, against a day forever
facing dunes of struggling, unpitying humanity.

HARLAND RISTAU

"After the Fall"

By Walter Sorell
Drama Editor

The great theatrical event of this month — and very likely of this season — was Arthur Miller's play "After the Fall." It was not only the first play of one of the more important playwrights of our time after a silence of nine years, it also coincided with the opening of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theatre, temporarily playing in a quickly erected theatre on Washington Square.

Our immediate concern is the opening play of this new theatre. Never before have there been so many interviews with an author and so many press releases as in this case, and never before has a dramatist felt compelled to explain what he was after and indirectly apologize for what he has done. Even in the foreword to the printed version that was hastily published by the *Saturday Evening Post* he gives us two columns of explanation. All this is done because the play is controversial for a headline-minded world, and probably for the wrong reasons. These people see in the play a painful self-apologia by Miller and a desecration of the image of Marilyn Monroe, or a defamation of her being.

It may be necessary to view and analyze this play as if it had been written in the year 1955 and the name of this actress as well as her tragic fate had faded into oblivion, or at least into the uncertain memory of our grandparents telling of the movie idols of their youth. The McCarthy era and the personal feud between Miller and Kazan (who gave the Un-American Committee the names of those who were party members in the thirties) must also be forgotten. Otherwise "After the Fall" remains too personal a confession with the confessor turning into a counselor out of despair.

With these handicaps overcome, it may be said that the play is a near-masterpiece. Quentin, a lawyer, enters the curtainless, three-level stage out of the dark and addresses the Listener "who to some may be a psychoanalyst, to others God," Miller says, but in fact he "is Quentin himself turned at the edge of the abyss to look at his experience, his nature and his time in order to bring to light, to seize and — innocent no more — to forever guard against his own complicity with Cain and the world's." In other words, man's innoncence while being guilty is the key issue in this play.

Out of an over-awareness and torturing self-doubt, men and events are conjured up like dream images; morsels of memories are picked up; shreds of thoughts pieced together while a man, stripping himself to his very soul, tears the masks, clothes, and skins from the people who cross his path. He has failed two women who failed him. The self-accused accuses. He longed to give, to love. But there was that "separate person," the wall through which he could not reach. Then there was that switchboard girl turned international popular singer who, given to hysteria and self-destruction, only felt a human being in the ecstasy of lust. There were friends caught in the political hysteria of an era, turning against each other, finding peace in self-righteousness. There was a girl who danced through his life with wondering gestures and grateful eyes; she was no one and might have been so much to him, but they met without meeting. And, finally, there was the third woman, for whose sake this three-hour-long dramatic poem of self-torment and egotistic prayer is said. Can he dare "take another life into his hands" after having failed twice, having realized the sneaking destructive power behind the word *love?*

Love, there was too much of it in his life. It is not the only solution. And Quentin, knowing the apple cannot be put back on that tree of knowledge, feels in his frantic search to be able to live with himself that all we can do is not to be afraid of being oneself.

Elia Kazan has given an exciting stage image to this essentially epic drama of a soul punished with the awareness of Cain in man and of the devouring chaos of our time. The performances of Jason Robards, Jr., as Quentin and Barbara Loden as the star blinded by its own light are memorable experiences. It is, no doubt, a great ensemble.

Every author creates out of his own experiences. Since his models or the composite of live images on which character and incidents are fashioned are not intentional headline material, we accept them as fictional. We must demand that the poet reach from the particular into the universal. That we are too familiar with the *particular* in Arthur Miller's case may be our fault.

However it may be, Arthur Miller must now feel wonderful after having castigated himself in front of the the whole world. But how wonderful must his third wife feel, for whose sake he tried to purify his soul. How the historian of the American dramatic literature will feel about this play I would rather leave to my grandchildren to decide.

The Day of Days

By Hans Boehringer
Assistant Professor of Theology
Valparaiso University

On this mountain the Lord of hosts will make for all peoples a feast of fat things, a feast of wine on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined. And he will destroy on this mountain the covering that is cast over all peoples, the veil that is spread over the nations. He will swallow up death for ever, and the Lord God will wipe away tears from all faces, and the reproach of his people will he take away from all the earth; for the Lord has spoken.

It will be said on that day, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, that he might save us. This is the Lord; we have waited for him; let us be glad and rejoice in his salvation."

Isaiah 25:6-9 (RSV)

Dark voices assure us of the end of man and of the Church and — this is expected to shock us — the end of God Himself. The evidence they advance is copious. It is not to be waved away. At the very least we must allow that these dark voices are a part of God's intention that men be driven from words to the Word. In addition these new prophets seem to be echoing something Christian prophets have also said, that God's absence robs all things of vitality. Christians might even be prone to accept their judgment that all is vanity were it not that Christians have learned that the Preacher's word is not really the last word to be spoken on man's history and life. Man's worst is terrible indeed, but God's final word not only will accept the judgment that man's life is vanity but will also show His intention to redeem that life, however pointless it may seem.

Easter is God's constant sign of His determination to redeem our history. The Church sees in it the certainty that we shall see Him in our flesh and that the whole of creation will rejoice in Him. The men who sought wisdom in Athens perhaps could not be expected to find St. Paul's preaching anything but amusing. All the evidence pointed the other way. Today the evidence still points the other way, and the wise still assure us of the meaninglessness of it all. Today they are still convinced that the darkness is truer than the light.

What is unusual today perhaps is the easy acceptance by Christians of the notion that the wise are correct, that the darkness will indeed overcome the light, that human history is only the acting out of man's nightmares. The word of God is spoken to broken ears. His voice is stilled by the faithlessness of His own people. Isaiah's words fell on such ears and on such a faithless people. Then, as today, men were in transition. Isaiah's words spoke to men who saw no need for hope, no events which needed divine action; yet he also spoke to men who saw no cause for hope. Today we still have a diminishing number who profess to see no darkness for God to brighten. And we have an increasing number of those who profess to believe that the darkness is so deep that God could not brighten it.

There were among the Judaeans carried off to Babylon some who lived to see the end of the exile and the consecration of the second temple. We are told that they wept. For them their hope had been misplaced. They saw only the weakness, the number of the enemies hovering around the walls of Jerusalem. The shabbiness of the new temple was more real to them than the accomplishments of God.

Perhaps those of the five hundred who had seen the Lord after His resurrection and yet fell asleep did so because they had the same disappointment once the surprise of the resurrection faded. This may have been especially true when they saw brethren laid to rest and not rise. God's performance seems to many pale compared to His promises. In this may rest the cause for the despair of contemporary Christians.

But despite the blurriness of eye and the befuddlement of the mind to which the Church is prone, she knew from the beginning that Easter was the Lord's Day and that every day thereafter would be His. The light of the rising Sun meant that the shadows of this world's night would never again be quite so frightening. The phantoms were being dispelled by the coming dawn. The tears of separation would never again be quite as bitter. The world would never be a simple place again. The wisdom of the wise would never again be as wise as it once was.

True, God's judgments remain. The grave, though stingless, is still the grave. The enemy, though defeated, is still the enemy. The iniquity of our sin is still death-dealing. No resurrection can ever blot out the necessity of the cross in our lives. No children's tale about the death of winter and the blossoming of the lilies ever covers the frightfulness of man's too human treatment of the Son of Man.

Yet, the waiting for God comes to a close. The Forsaken One was visited again. He was given the Name above all names. His waiting ended. He sits at the right hand of the Father to be the intercessor for His people. Our waiting ends in Him. He has made us

glad and has given us salvation in His day, the day which never ends. His reproach is taken away from us. Through Him the veil covering the Father's face is pulled away. And He is there! He is revealed as the God of the living and not of the dead. He is there. He is not a dream, not a hope, not a construction of man's anguished mind. He is — and in His being we live.

Easter is the day of fatness, of dripping marrow, and of intoxicating joy. It is the day when the pagan's delight in God's creation is embraced by the saint who has denied the world. It is a day to oil away the creases on the intellectual's forehead and a day to put laughter on the puritan's lips. It is the day of days for the world which is being born even as it dies.

Easter is the day when God sets His banquet. The Lamb set bread and fish before His disciples once. He sets the food of gods before those enjoying the beatific vision. Today he sets bread and wine before us. Men taste of His goodness and find it sweet. How Easter demands an end to the paste we today call bread! It is a day for bread to be torn by the teeth. It is the day for a vintage fit for Him who comes bloody from Edom. Bread and wine are the signs of man's labor, of his joy, of his hunger — and of God's identity with man. The table is set now so we can rejoice now. It is set so we can hear the laughter of the Conqueror!

On Second Thought

BY ROBERT J. HOYER

A man once gave a great banquet, and invited many. At the time for the banquet he sent his servant to say to those who had been invited, "Come, for all is now ready. Grace is free, and my Lord would have you in His home."

But they all alike began to make excuses. The first said to him, "I must attend a committee meeting for FAITH FORWARD, and I cannot afford to jeopardize the offering by thinking of freedom. I and my people have accepted much, now we must begin to give. It is Christian life that is our need in this hour of trial. I pray you, have me excused."

And another said, "I have organized the youth of my congregation. I must lecture them tonight on sexual fidelity or they will disgrace the church. We cannot afford to sully the public image of the church by making grace too easy. The children must be taught to be good children."

And another said, "We set up a week of meetings on premarital counseling. I must insist on controls in order to protect the sanctity of the American home. Our social morals are breaking down, infidelity is displayed on the screen and in print, and unless I act against it we will have nothing but sinners in the church."

Another said, "I have purchased an IBM machine to process the data from my congregation. I have learned that we did better than the Presbyterians in building the kingdom of God. I must tabulate the findings and report them tonight to the elders. In their enthusiasm they will fill the banquet hall with converts. I pray you, have me excused."

So the servant came and reported this to his master. Then the householder in anger said to his servant, "Go out quickly to the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the Negroes and the panhandlers and the lonely and the despairing." And the servant said, "Sir, what you commanded has been done, and still there is room." And the master said to the servant, "Go out to the highways and hedges, and force my grace and love on people, that my house may be filled. For I tell you, none of those men who were invited shall taste my banquet."

Simplicity Is a Gift

By ADALBERT RAPHAEL KRETZMANN

In recent discussions with groups on Christian art it became more and more apparent that one of the primary problems of understanding in the field of the arts in the church was simplicity with dignity.

This is not to give way to a barrenness and emptiness as though faith had no ideas, but rather to make the expression of faith more clear by having the statement of the art as simple, straightforward, and uncluttered as the Gospel itself. The freedom of the artist is never an absolute freedom because in Christian art the artist puts the Creator first and art puts the world and nature in its proper relationship. Mere copying of forms may be good exercise but it never made an artist.

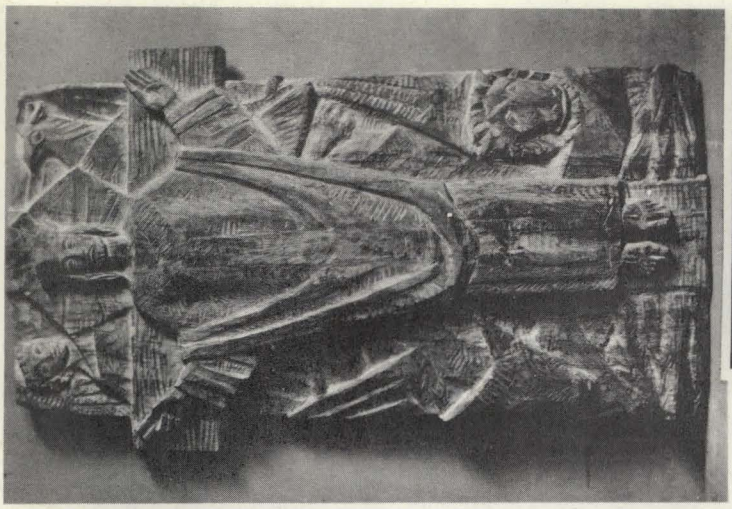
Good church art sometimes carries with it the great zeal and earnestness of the Ravenna mosaics and the ascetic abstractions of the miniatures of the 11th and 12th centuries. Yet no one would dare to deny that they were perhaps the clearest expression of the great faith which moved the artist of that time. Later on too much of the church's art was controlled by stern decree and regulation. Even as the liturgy became better than when bound so did all the other arts. The decrees of the Council of Nicea (787 A.D.) emphasized the fact that church art had a dual purpose, namely, to adorn the House of God and, secondly, to "edify" the faithful. Under these two broad instructions many good things of lasting merit were produced. Under a steadily narrowing interpretation of this instruction some of the worst in Christian art came into being.

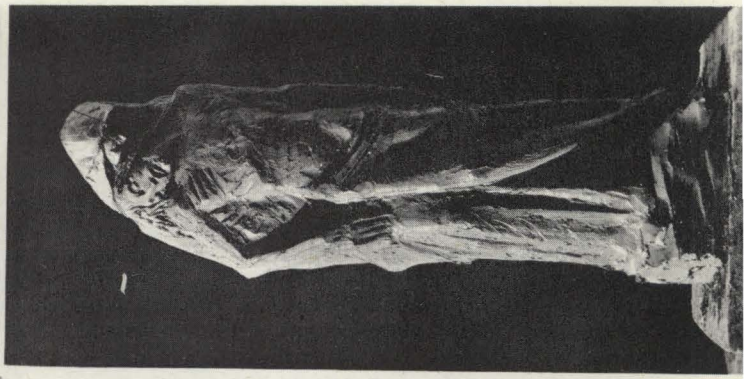
The freedom which the church enjoys in our day and the eagerness with which both clergy and laity approach the problems of Church art are most hopeful signs. The demands put upon the artist have inspired him to a new restraint and fineness of line and expression which is refreshing and hopeful.

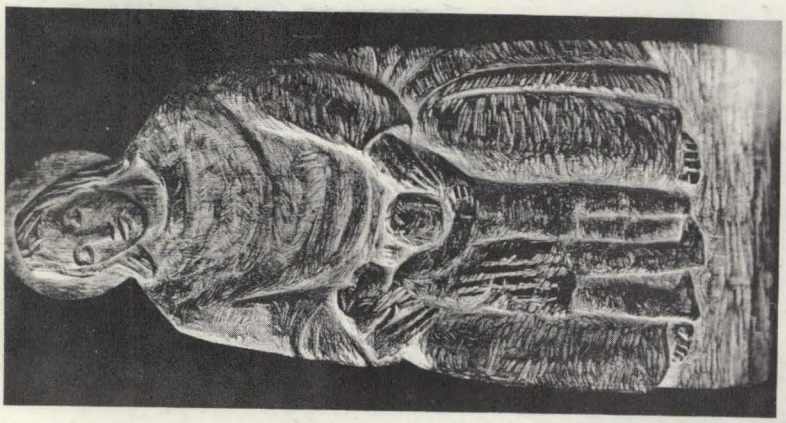
Presented herewith are eight entirely different approaches to various themes that have a place in the thinking and art of the church. (1) "Christ Stilling the Storm" was designed for a Seamen's Chapel. (2) Christ as the Great Teacher was designed as a figure in the chapel of a school for the deaf. (3) The appealing simplicity of "Christ and the Children" is in the kindergarten area of a church in Holland. (4) "Christ the King," reigning from the cross, surrounded by very simple representations of the four Evangelists, was designed for a seminary chapel. (5) "Christ our Saviour and King" was prepared for a hospital prayer room. (6) A representation of the Holy Blessed Trinity, with the Virgin Mary, was prepared for an Episcopal boys' school. (7) "Christ as King and Priest" is an experimental work in clay as is also (8) the "Pieta."

All of these have been produced by a variety of young and old church artists for Carl Moser, who has done work for many churches throughout the world.

> Succeeding generations of Protestants have allowed their image of the church to become quite narrow, seeing primarily people assembled on Sunday morning at eleven to listen to preaching and to receive sacraments. Laymen have come to think of their part in this church as showing up on Sunday and passively receiving blessings. They have lost any sense of being ambassadors or priests outside the assembly during the remainder of the week.
>
> The church is a fellowship, all right, but a *proclamatory* fellowship. It gathers about the Word, but it is at its best when all proclaim the Word to the world, not when one preaches and other believers listen. We must all hear the word repeatedly. And some few are set apart to preach sermons. But we all, the whole People of God, are set apart to proclaim the Word to the world . . .
>
> Our definition of the church ought to describe it as a fellowship of believers who assemble and then disperse, moving out from preaching and sacraments to carry the Word to the world. The church must be a catapult that hurls Christ-bearers into every distant corner of human society.
>
> FREDERICK K. WENTZ, *The Layman's Role Today* (DOUBLEDAY), pp. 38-39







Nine Myths

By WALTER A. HANSEN

I met Peter Jona Korn a number of years ago — I think it was in 1955 — in Louisville at the annual powwow of the Music Critics Association. I heard the premiere of one of his compositions and one evening I sat opposite him and Mrs. Korn at a dinner given in honor of the scribes who had assembled in the city of the Kentucky Derby from many parts of our land and even from across the Atlantic. The Korns and I conversed pleasantly about this and that, but nothing of any consequence had clung to my memory.

The passing of time had almost blotted Korn out of my recollection. Suddenly, however, his name recurred to my mind with a huge and wonderfully delightful bang. I found an article from his pen in the December 1963 issue of *Show*. The title of Korn's contribution is "Nine Fashionable Myths About Music and How to Explode Them." I cannot urge you too strongly to read and ponder what he has to say. I salute him. I take off my hat to him. His article has brought me unalloyed joy.

Korn undertakes to puncture nine trite but widely held opinions. He punctures all but one of them with nine tremendous bangs and, to my thinking, with indisputable finality. Naturally, those nine views will not disappear from the face of the earth or from the mouths of many critics. In the future, however, all but one of them are bound to look like flat tires.

Is a genius never recognized while he is still among the living? This question is usually answered in the affirmative. But Korn maintains and proves the opposite. I have often wondered why many of those who write about composers and their accomplishments or non-accomplishments fail to stick their persnickety and hidebound noses into history. It seems to me that here one should paraphrase Alexander Pope and speak of a little history as a dangerous thing.

May one hope to enjoy a modern work the first time one hears it? Many say no, but Korn points out that this notion is balderdash pure and simple. Now and then, it is true, one actually does not enjoy a new composition at the first hearing; yet this undeniable fact does does not prove that one may never hope to enjoy it on that particular occasion.

Is it necessary for a composer to be original? Many think so. One could discuss this important matter in great detail. Read what Korn says. His remarks are as refreshing as they are sane. As a matter of fact, out-and-out originality is exceedingly rare in this vale of tears.

Are experimental works beyond criticism? Some of those who are given to experimentation answer yes. Then they take refuge behind this ironclad belief of theirs and hurl brickbats at anyone who has the nerve to find fault with what they do. No one can deny that experimentalism sometimes leads to remarkably fine results. But must those who engage in work of this kind reject and even resent all criticism?

Are great composers always innovators, and is eclecticism invariably a characteristic of the writing of those who have no right whatever to seek, or hope for, genuine greatness? Korn's pithy answer to this double-barreled question explodes a myth which should be slain and buried posthaste.

Will the authentic creator survive, whether he is recognized or not? Korn opines that he will not survive if he is not recognized. If I may lapse for a moment into baseball parlance, I shall say that Korn "has something on the ball" when he makes this statement. But I am careful to use the word "something." According to Korn, "it is perfectly logical to hold that a Mozart or a Beethoven would have ceased to compose if he had not had public performances and experienced public approval of his music." I wonder. Was James Russell Lowell talking through his hat when he wrote that there is "no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not sooner or later responded"?

Must critics "be careful not to be caught in the same predicament as old Hanslick, who made a fool of himself by failing to recognize the genius of Wagner"? I wish I had the space to descant at some length on this pertinent question. Korn's answer reveals extraordinary perspicacity. Must critics "play it safe" and hurl themselves into the clutches of "a benefit-of-the-doubt attitude"? Get a copy of the magazine, and read what Korn thinks.

Was the twelve-tone technique invented and exploited because of a historical necessity? Korn says no. So do I. And I say so with a mighty bang.

Are Schoenberg and Stravinsky the two greatest composers of our time? Some men and not a few women will want to behead me for answering, "Decidely not!" Let them have their fun! Here, too, Korn and I see eye to eye.

According to Korn, a general re-evaluation of modern music is imminent. I hope he is right. For a long time altogether too much parroting has been coming from the mouths and the pens of many of those who speak and write about what some so-called modernists have been sending out into the world.

Books of the Month

"A Radical Approach for Conservative Christians"

When the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod meets in convention a year from this summer at Detroit, the meeting will be held under the slogan, so we are told, "Manpower and Missions." Also, the important decision of participation in the new Lutheran Interchurch Council, surely to be answered in the affirmative, will be faced. The theme and this decision are related. Their relationship is implied in the title of a new book by Martin Marty, published by Eerdmann's Publishing Company, *Church Unity and Church Mission* ($3.00). The preferred sub-title for the book, Marty indicates, would be: "A Radical Approach for Conservative Christians." Marty is addressing himself to those Christians calling themselves "evangelicals" who are, on the whole, outside the organizational forms of the ecumenical movement. Of course, he has in mind chiefly the Southern Baptists and the Missouri Synod Lutherans.

In our book reviews of last month we gave much space to the question of ecumenicity. To some extent we are continuing this theme this month because Marty's book deserves to get out into public discussion, so that the clergy and laity can approach themes such as that indicated for the Detroit convention and give them intelligent and perhaps creative attention. One of these months we are going to attempt a more thorough analysis of Marty's works; he has been a significant theological journalist, a pamphleteer in the best sense of that word. What he has to say in the book is deserving of careful scrutiny. His sympathies are, in the sense of his sub-title, clearly conservative. He is equally committed to the ecumenical movement, fully aware of both denominational and ecumenical deficiencies on the level of their institutional life.

Marty tells the readers what the ecumenical movement is all about; its historical genesis and its aims. This is necessary because the kind of reader he envisions rarely has this basic information. There is a further description of the sort of impasse that the ecumenical movements is in: furious and headline-making activity on the level of international committees and spectacular assemblies, but little impact on the local level. The thesis which he consequently sets out to develop is: that Christian people have enough unity now to resume their mission to the world, and that resumed mission will enhance the quest for unity.

The connection between mission and the unity of the church is significant. He argues that the mission of the church in America is severely hampered by the existence of competing denominations. The disunity permits many unchurched people to avoid the claim of Christ on them because the effect of the denominations' competing proclamation is to undercut each other and to cancel out each other's claims to truth. In a brilliant insight Marty notes that this has not rendered the denominations unsuccessful from the stand point of organizational success, measured by statistics and finances.

> Many a critic of church life must ask himself from time to time whether the critique of institutionalism is a philosophically or theologically profound theme. It all seems so obvious. Then his vocation calls him once more to study and reproduce his findings: denominationalism seems in no way to be hampered by secularism around and in the churches. It thrives on an environment where basic Christian questions are unasked and its forms seem to serve to justify half-believing men before God.

Marty seems to be saying that it is not the existence of denominations as such which is troublesome here; indeed, his vision of the future includes denominations as part of the family of churches. The problem is the secularization of the denominations. This is my term; I take Marty to be saying that the denominations become institutions, modeled after and judged by the criteria of free enterprise associations. As such they are a denial of basic Christian realities concerning the Church as the Body of Christ whose commitment is to witness to the works of God in word and service.

Marty shows that, as a matter of fact, the denominations — even the most "conservative" — are dimly aware of this. Their attitude toward proselytism is a good case in point. It is felt to be a violation of the nature of the church — this feeling is instinctive — that members of one denomination should try to win over a member of another denomination. He could have added that any attempts to rebaptize such transfers would be utterly scandalous. Behind this sound instinct is the unspoken assumption that common baptism and faith in Christ are ties of far greater significance than the denominational differences can possibly indicate. Indeed, when one contemplates the miracle of conversion and baptism, the depth of this observation becomes more and more apparent. The problem is to find ways of building on these primary data in such a manner that the values which denominations try to safeguard (usually truth) are in no way compromised by this recognition of unity. Still this recognition must not be given with reservation, but should be seen as a bridge and a helping hand as the churches in common face the problems and needs of men.

This leads to still another important observation of the way in which all churches instinctively are acting on the basis of a given unity, at least at certain times. Marty cites the practices of chaplains, of pastors on campuses, of public discussions on matters of concern, shared in by representatives of a number of denominations. These are all unusual situations and are in general characterized as emergency or extraordinary situations requiring a special arrangement because the ordinary denominational approach does not work for that particular case. The question arises: Is the practice of military chaplains in emergency situations an invalid practice? The answer is, of course, negative. This raises the pertinent question as to whether or not the Christian church, faced by the rise of secularism and the militancy of non-Christian religions, is not in fact in an emergency situation. Are not the principles of the emergency situation precisely those that we are seeking as we contemplate the mission of the church to a world of men in need? The question is not one of expediency but of finding the institutional aids for expressing unity and still safeguarding particular commitments to the truth.

This book is full of good things and it is must reading. It also has some let-downs. Without minimizing the importance of co-operative activity in the interest of mission, does not Marty over-rate the positive contribution of this hoped for achievement? There are countries and places in which denominational undercutting is not a problem. In fact, the church seems to be most in retreat in those places where the denominational problem is either non-existent or minimal: Europe. People do not flock to the Gospel simply because they are confronted by one united church. Less flippantly put, doesn't Marty perhaps fail to probe into the problem of the renewal of the churches? Such an in-

quiry would yield much for his thesis. In discussing local church activity he speaks (on page 98) of models to which we can hopefully point and which help establish his thesis. He is very unspecific, and his book would gain much in depth by an analysis of some features of those models. In this connection the lack of significant reference to the liturgical movement which at its best is opening up these questions is a defect. In this sense, much of his argument is "pre-evangelistic," and we do need some books which, instead of talking about the Gospel and the church, actually disclose what these realities are and how they function.

On the other hand, Marty is very suggestive about the notion of Christian mission in our land, the kinds of questions that we should be asking. I put the book down with the feeling that the whole nature and method of the mission of the church is open for examination at fundamental levels. Of the occasional bibliographical references which do appear, also in the chapters on mission, Roman Catholic works are the most prominent. It may be that Lutherans will find Roman Catholic material on mission and renewal to be more pertinent to their situation and tradition than any other.

If the reader is interested in pursuing some of the best current thought on the liturgical movement and its relationship to the mission of the church, he can do no better than to acquire a slender volume, *Liturgy is Mission* (Edited by Frank Cellier, Seabury Press, $3.95). This is a collection of addresses given at the Wichita Liturgical Conference in the fall of 1962. Eminent men from the Episcopalian Church here present approaches to the mission of the church from the orientation of the liturgical movement. Apart from Massey Shepherd's keynote address, the names of Kilmer Myers and William Pollard addressing themselves to the problems of the inner city and the scientific culture respectively should indicate the high level of all the essays.

If the reader reads this, he will be inevitably driven to seek the deeper connections among liturgy, theology, Bible and tradition. For this purpose one cannot recommend too highly the recent collection of esays by the North American Section on Worship of the Faith and Order Commission. Edited by Massey Shepherd, the essays without exception indicate the maturity and relevance that is coming out of the liturgical movement in its association with theology and biblical studies, irrespective of denominational lines. Joseph Sittler writes the introduction, describing the place of worship in the life of the church. The title of this collection is *Worship in Scripture and Tradition* (Oxford University Press, $4.50).

RICHARD P. BAEPLER

The Underdeveloped Countries

Many factors have conspired in our time to push the problem of the underdeveloped countries into the forefront of discussion. Modern medical techniques have lowered the death rate and led to a population surge in already crowded regions. New expectations have been stirred as formerly subject nations gained their independence. The large and growing gap between the rich nations and the poor has aroused the conscience of many, and the threat of international Communism has added the adrenalin of fear.

The very term "underdeveloped" reflects our determination to do something about the situation. So does our foreign aid program. It is surely significant that Congress has continued to allocate billions of dollars for a program with so little voter appeal. And yet it is by no means clear that we are moving closer to our goal.

Capital grants and loans and technical assistance have not paid off either in higher living standards or increased resistance to Communism. Disillusionment is setting in; the debate over the President's foreign aid requests in the last session of Congress was vivid evidence of that mounting disillusionment. Formerly stout partisans joined traditional critics in cynical disparagements of the program. It begins to appear that we do not even understand the task we have set ourselves, much less know how to go about handling it.

An extensive popular literature on the subject of the underdeveloped countries has appeared within the last year or two, and this review will call to the reader's attention some of the more valuable and accessible recent publications.

An excellent place to begin is Robert Heilbroner's *The Great Ascent: The Struggle for Economic Development in Our Time* (Harper Torchbook, 1963, 95 cents). If ribbons were awarded for educating the public in economics, Heilbroner would walk off with the blue one. His easy style and his remarkable ability to simplify without distorting have made him first choice for outside reading in many college economics courses. Heilbroner is particularly effective in *The Great Ascent* when he is stating the problem. The difficulties in the way of extensive economic growth in the underdeveloped countries are formidable: they go far beyond a mere shortage of capital or excess of population. Low educational levels, political instability and mismanagement, the absence of requisite institutions, and the presence of social institutions and attitudes that militate against development — this combination of factors makes the outlook grim indeed. The mood of stark pessimism that emerges from the descriptive chapters is tempered somewhat when Heilbroner turns to policy recommendations. But the overall impact of the book is depressing. And this is one of its merits. Living standards in most of the world will not be significantly improved for many years. We may not see appreciable progress, even if everything goes very well, for several decades. Heilbroner's forceful demonstration of the dilemma is a useful antidote to the easy optimism of most Americans — an optimism that turns quickly into cynicism when excessive expectations are disappointed.

Peter Kenen's *Giant Among Nations* (Rand McNally paperback, 1963, pp. 249, $2.00) deals with the international economic relations of the United States rather than just with the narrower problem of the underdeveloped countries. But this is the context in which the problem is set, and the context is extremely important. Kenen wrote the book (which originally appeared in 1960 between hard covers) out of a conviction "that ways must be found to describe and criticize our [international economic] policies in English rather than in the jargon of economists and bureaucrats."

Payments balances, reciprocal trade agreements, exchange stabilization devices, and the principle of comparative advantage are not easy subjects to treat accurately and yet interestingly. But Kenen has carried it off in a remarkable manner. This may well be the best single source book now on the market for anyone who wants an education in international economics. The argument flows smoothly and logically, and is constantly enlivened by a wealth of illustrative and corroborative detail.

A book which cannot be ignored in a review such as this despite its publication date is *The Economics of Under-developed Countries* by Peter T. Bauer and Basil Yamey (Cambridge Economic Handbooks, University of Chicago Press paperback, 1957, pp. 271, $1.75). This is a more difficult book than either of the two previously cited. But the difficulty is not on the surface. The reader can bounce along

smoothly for several pages without realizing that the subtlety of the argument has escaped him. Like so many Englishmen who write as if they owned the language, Bauer and Yamey are masters of a flawless English style. So this isn't the difficulty. It lies rather in the nature of the task they have set out to accomplish. This is an analytical book. It systematically probes each major aspect of the general problem of economic development, deliberately scrutinizes half-truths that commonly pass for whole truths, and gradually weaves a tapestry of understanding. The painstaking reader will be richly rewarded. The casual reader may try something else, but with a warning and a promise. The warning is that he will be neglecting a brilliant, almost classic analysis. The promise? He will be able to continue enjoying many of his favorite illusions.

There are critics who would maintain that the Bauer-Yamey analysis is vitiated by the authors' strong preference for market solutions and a "free enterprise" type of economy. Those whose views on economic development have been influenced by the thinking of Karl Marx would find the book totally uncongenial. Among American economists, Paul Sweezy and Paul Baran have made significant contributions to the understanding of the problems of economic development from a more-or-less Marxian framework. But their writings are for the most part inaccessible to all but the professional economist. The reader who is nonetheless interested in the opposing viewpoint might consult Maurice Dobb's *Economic Growth and Underdeveloped Countries* (International Publishers, 1963, pp. 64, $2.00. A 1964 paperbound book guide states that a $1.00 edition is available, but I have not seen it.)

"Neo-colonialism" and "imperialism" are the principal impediments to growth in the underdeveloped countries, according to Dobb's analysis, and the development strategy employed successfully by the Soviet Union their best hope for progress. This is not really very Marxist, of course, since Karl Marx assigned to *capitalism* the task of fostering economic growth and to socialism the responsibility for picking up the pieces *after* the productive forces generated under capitalism had outrun their social framework. But Marxist or not, it is currently good socialist doctrine. The Soviet strategy calls for curtailing consumption in the interest of carefully planned investment in basic industries. Foreign aid as a method of accelerating capital accumulation is rejected on the ground that it will inevitably mean imperialist control.

Dobb's general thesis commands little assent among American economists, partly because of divergent political convictions, but enjoys wide support in more-or-less modified form with political leaders of the underdeveloped countries. The argument is woefully weak, in this reviewer's estimation; but flimsier arguments have been employed in the past to justify economic policies, and Dobb's recommendations may turn out to be the course eventually followed.

A book that has received wide attention since its publication is Jan Tinbergen's *Shaping the World Economy* (Twentieth Century Fund paperback, 1962, pp. 330, $2.25). Tinbergen is an economist's economist, a Dutch scholar internationally renowned and respected. For this reason, especially, his book is a profound disappointment. Tinbergen has no doubts about the course which the world must follow in the years ahead. His appeal for an integrated, international attack upon the problem of poverty is a clarion call in a symphony of nationalistic and parochial sounds. But it is also a utopian voice. Tinbergen's considerable skills as an economic statistician cannot overcome the naivete of his political analysis. Nationalism may well be an ugly and anachronistic phenomenon, but it is also a vital force in today's world. The underdeveloped countries themselves provide the best example of nationalism's continuing hold on the thought of peoples. This can be deplored, but it cannot be ignored. Tinbergen is the economic technician, the engineer impatient with irrelevant objections, anxious to get on about a task that is essentially simple when left in the hands of impartial experts. But if his recommendations are to be implemented the "experts" will have to be given extensive power over both the international and the domestic policies of nation states. They will certainly not be given such power within the foreseeable future. And Tinbergen's program leaves almost no room for half-way measures or less than fully satisfactory compromises.

Perhaps we have had enough general treatises. What the literature of economic development now seems to require is detailed and knowledgeable studies of individual nations and their peculiar resources and dilemmas. An outstanding example of just such a study is Albert Hirschman's *Journeys toward Progress* (Twentieth Century Fund, 1963, pp. 308, $4.00). Hirschman, who has also written *The Strategy of Economic Development* and edited the Twentieth Century Fund study *Latin American Issues*, is well informed about the countries of which he writes. Periodic drought in Northeast Brazil, land reform in Columbia, and protracted inflation in Chile are the three problems studied. By confining himself in this manner Hirschman manages to give the reader an instructive look at some of the actual difficulties with which governments of the underdeveloped countries must contend. Some important generalizations do emerge. Most notably, Hirschman calls sharply into question a major premise of the Alliance for Progress: our insistence upon extensive social reform as a precondition of American aid. He does not dispute the value of these reforms, but he does show that significant reform has to evolve and cannot simply be ordered from above or outside.

This may well be the most difficult lesson we Americans will have to learn.

PAUL T. HEYNE

WORTH NOTING

CARAVANS

By James A. Michener (Random House, $5.95)

This novel is not just set in Afghanistan, the country itself is the story. Holding the book together is a narrative concerning a young American Embassy employee who is sent out to find an American girl married to an Afghan engineer. Mark Miller's search for Ellen Jaspar, in a jeep, on horseback and on foot, requires him to wander all over the untamed countryside. After finding the girl with a caravan, Miller joins the group as they head for even more remote sections of the country.

The background is stronger than the story and the reader finds himself becoming more engrossed in the fantastic scenery and the haunting beauty of this wild country. Elements of this ancient kingdom, which has changed little since centuries before Christ, stand side by side with modern improvements, for the time is 1946 when Afghanistan is just awakening to changes of the modern world. The independent Afghan with his mercurial temperament and with one foot in the past and the other in the future, turns out to be the real hero.

Mr. Michener's strength in this book is not so much as a novelist, but as a poetic guide who can bring to life an entire country and its people.

ALFRED R. LOOMAN

A Minority Report

Teaching Is Many-Sided

By VICTOR F. HOFFMANN

The work-life of a college professor is many-sided.

He *teaches*. Each semester the average professor at Valparaiso University handles three to five courses. In the handling of these three to five courses he will meet classes eleven to thirteen times a week. In the aggregate, he will be talking to as many as one hundred and fifty to two hundred or more students a week. Just to fill up a fifty minute time segment with a flow of words and discussion that often each week, and that for at least nine to ten months a year, is challenge enough. To say something substantial that often demands high talent. But talent or not, to carry out substantial teaching requires effort and intestinal fortitude "writ large."

The serious teacher works. He works to *know* everything he can about his field. The literature of the field — its research data, its new conclusions, its most recent creative thrusts, its latest suggestions and hypotheses —is coming at the teacher as fast as publishing companies and printing processes can produce the written commodity — and that is fast. A serious teacher *reads* all this as much and as often as he breathes.

Reading is not enough. The teacher *studies*. A friend once asked our Civil War president: "Abe, what are you reading?" Mr. Lincoln replied: "I'm not reading, I'm studying." The teacher who is worth his pay combines his reading and studying with attention, rigorous analysis, reflection, contemplation, and criticism. He cannot get by with last year's notes and ideas forever.

Studying is not enough. The teacher *organizes*. What a teacher knows, studies, and understands is organized, first of all, into the conceptual schemes of his own thought life. To hand over what he knows and understands to his students entails, in the second place, a great deal of organizing, planning, and step-by-step explanation. The demanding teacher dare not indulge in casual, loosely organized narration. Students have another name for this.

The teacher teaches more than subjects. *He teaches students*. Teaching is a matter of introducing human personalities to the issues, data, and concepts of a discipline. Teaching is a matter of a human personality, somewhat expert in his field, meeting human personalities, not yet expert in this field. The expert is asking students to move into the literature and thought-life of the field on a guided tour of knowledge under the direction of the teacher. These activities often lead to spontaneous combustion, the spontaneous combustion of enthusiasm or of aggressive hostility. Sometimes students, and even their teachers, act like dishrags in these intellectual confrontations. Students, like their teachers, are the agents of all of mankind's weaknesses: laziness, obsession with the trivial, resistance to new ideas, fakery, fraud, apple-polishing, getting by with the least amount of effort, and whatever else the reader might wish to add to his list. These same students, like many of their instructors, also reflect man's highest aspirations: the pursuit of the beautiful and the true, sincerity, dignity, poise, integrity, honesty, and justice. Like his instructors, the student is a complex human paradox. Human personality to human personality and back again — this is the teaching process.

At Valparaiso University, students very often make their teachers *father confessors*. They talk to their teachers about their parents, sex, marriage, divorce, their husbands and wives, fraternities and sororities, their guilt feelings, insecurities and anxieties. Students come to their teachers at all hours of the day and night.

Teaching is a bi-lateral system of communication. *An honest teacher learns from his students*. Students usually come to Valparaiso University with above-the-average minds and as teachers we respect them for their capacities and their potentials. More than that, a teacher recognizes quickly that he is teaching some students with more native ability and intelligence than he himself possesses. Many students think more clearly and write with greater clarity than their teachers. At any rate, a teacher who listens to the ideas of students, and follows through on their thinking, will be farther along in the intellectual enterprise. Student and teacher together, this is the great intellectual adventure. With all their faults, the students are farther along in knowledge and understanding than we, their instructors, were at eighteen, nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one. The alert teacher is thankful if he can keep up with these young minds.

Beatles From Britain

By ANNE HANSEN

Do you remember the time when the initials BFB were readily identifiable as a designation for the wartime project called Bundles for Britain? That was yesterday. Today we have become acutely aware of the fact that these initials stand for Beatles from Britain. The invasion of our land by the British Beatles, which came early in February, touched off a wave of hysteria among teenagers who had fallen victim to the current fad of Beatlemania.

Mobs of ardent, highly vocal countrymen gathered to see the Beatles off in London. Equally large and demonstrative American crowds welcomed them in New York. And when the young performers made their American debut on the *Ed Sullivan Show*, audience reaction can only be described as adolescent lunacy. Actually this is not new or surprising to any adult who has seen similar outbreaks of youthful delirium come and go.

This viewer saw and heard the Beatles on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Who are the Beatles? What are they? Just four English boys who sing a little, play a bit, rock and roll like mad, and affect haircuts the like of which one seldom sees on human heads. Unless, of course, one has been isolated from contact with society. Either by accident or by ingenious design, these boys have hit upon a gimmick. No one can believe for a moment that these sheepdog haircuts make for good grooming or that they tend to invest their wearers with a look of intelligence. Quite the contrary. Just the same, they may have started a whole new trend in hair fashions. Wigs a la Beatles are already on the market for girls as well as for boys. If nature hasn't given you an abundance of hair, buy a wig.

Parents will groan, and barbers will moan. But for a short moment beatlemania will sweep the nation. This may not be pleasing to the eyes and ears of some adults, but I feel sure that the country will survive.

One of the most highly prized privileges of a free society is the right to appraise, to laugh at, and if we wish, to satirize our own conduct. *That Was the Week That Was* (NBC) undertakes this challenging and formidable task in a series of commentaries on current events and American institutions. Some of the commentaries on *TW3* have been sharp, stimulating, and effective. Some have been in extremely poor taste and boring, and they have failed utterly to make a point.

Through the years many critics and commentators have written and spoken about the deplorable lack of fine music on TV. The late Samuel Chotzinoff tried to do something to remedy the situation. The world of music is deeply indebted to this famous impresario. Endlessly resourceful — and equally energetic — he discovered, sponsored, and introduced many aspiring artists who became world-famous. And it was Mr. Chotzinoff who brought opera to TV — always with excellent results. The entire performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Gaetano Donizetti, presented on NBC on January 19, merits enthusiastic applause. This was an outstanding achievement in every way.

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC) is included in the list of casualties for next season. It is difficult to understand why a program such as this should be cancelled. This show has been carefully planned to bring pleasure to many types of viewers. And it has done so. It is a pity that arbitrary — and misleading — rating systems continue to be the sole arbiter of public taste. The entire matter has become ridiculous.

Many fine documentaries were seen in recent weeks: *The Bell System Science Series; Cuba: The Bay of Pigs; Cuba: The Missile Crisis; Ten Seconds That Shook the World* — all on NBC — as well as *The Winter Olympics*, on ABC, and *The Chronicle Series*, on CBS.

Hallmark Hall of Fame (NBC) presented a memorable production of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. Jason Robards, Jr., revealed commendable artistry in his portrayal of the central character in Robert Sherwood's moving tribute to a great American.

Now we come to David Brinkley's hour-long special titled *Our Man on the Mississippi* (NBC). For me this program was a complete flop. Ol' Man River deserves something better, Mr. Brinkley.

January was a dull month. Only a few new films were released. The best of these is *The Man in the Middle*, an English picture directed by Guy Hamilton. This is a scathing denunciation of the manner in which during wartime an individual can be sacrificed on the altar of diplomacy and expediency.

Straitjacket (Columbia) is one of the most nauseating films I have ever seen. Here horror is piled upon horror, just for the sake of shock. I haven't one kind word to say about this picture. It is revolting.

Dead Ringer (Warners) is a bit better than *Straitjacket*. Again I can find no words of praise. Decidedly mediocre at best. So save your money.

The Pilgrim

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side"
—PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

By O. P. KRETZMANN

Innocent Abroad — IV

Once more I take a look at the center of such cities as Hamburg and Cologne. It seems to be very clear that the stories our boys told about pin-point precision bombing twenty years ago were true. The great domes stand and only the factories are new.

Cancel that paragraph. It is a good example of the kind of careless reporting which has caused so much tragic misunderstanding in our rapidly narrowing world. After I had written it, I left my hotel in Hamburg for a walk around the inner city. The great Rathaus was, indeed, still standing, and there were some towering churches on the horizon. I began to see more clearly, however, the open spaces and the shining and glittering facades of buildings that were clearly post-war. As I turned the last corner before my hotel, I bought the Hamburg *Abendblatt* and read that I had come to the city just exactly twenty years after the massive total bombing which began on July 24, 1943. For seven nights, always beginning shortly after midnight, three thousand British planes hit the city with every conceivable type of bomb and with a destructive power unprecedented in world history — a power which remained unequalled until we dropped a single bomb which killed 100,000 men, women, and children on Hiroshima just two years later.

In Hamburg, between July 24 and July 27, 1943, the industrial power of the city was totally destroyed, almost twenty churches lay in complete ruin, a million inhabitants had fled, and 48,000 men, women, and children died. It is a curious fact that twenty years later the reminiscing accounts of those seven nights in the *Abendblatt* were coolly dispassionate and that the story which received the major place was the announcement of the Lutheran bishop that a penitential service would be conducted in the famous Sankt Petri Kirche on Wednesday at six o'clock. How healingly and stunningly time changes the hearts and minds of men! I sat down at the desk in the little hotel room and wrote Stephen a letter about it. He was not even born when all this happened. Perhaps, I thought, I could give him a hate for man's inhumanity to man and a great love for the little children, in London or in Hamburg, whose last sight of earth was of apocalyptic fire streaming from the sky.

The next day, between rains, I walked up the street three blocks to one of Hamburg's many bookstores. I had been told that this particular shop had more theological works than any other. Here was the contrast I had been looking for. The shelves were as loaded with books as the department store shelves had been filled with meats and fish. Names: Three feet of Bonhoeffer, four of Tillich, and everything by Althaus, Schlinck, Giertz, Brunner, Barth, translations from all over the theological world except the United States. We were represented only a lonely volume of Niebuhr's gathering dust.

Most startling of all was the abundance of devotional literature. Even a cursory examination revealed the fact that it is much better than ours — in style, in depth, in spiritual warmth. The saleslady (who was hovering near to make sure that the American did not stuff the pockets of his raincoat with devotional books) told me that these books sell quite well. For a moment I wondered whether the German had turned away only from the church, but not from God. Perhaps he was sick unto death only with the stuff that was being handed out from the pulpits of Germany, and the voice of God speaking to him personally and insistently was still being heard by the German who had seen and heard divine judgment raining from heaven twenty years ago. At any rate, there was the man with his head in his hands before the altar of the Sankt Petri Kirche this morning. There was the old lady beside me in the bookstore reading a booklet of prayer and nodding her head. There were the young intellectuals whom I had met a few days ago, all of them passionately interested in theology. Another remnant in Israel, I thought, and went out into the rain.

And so to Copenhagen. Some day we in America must wake up to the fact that all the rest of the world works longer and harder than we do. I have been on the streets of London, Berlin, Rome, Tokyo, Paris, and Stockholm at daybreak and have seen hundreds of workers patiently cycling to work at that hour. With all this going on all over our planet, it may be wise for us to ask what all this may mean not only for our own economy but for our place in a world which works so much harder than we.